

Sale of the Public Works.

A bill is before the legislature, providing for the sale of the public works of Ohio, which is exciting a very general discussion throughout the state. When at Columbus, a few days since, we observed that it was a subject of conversation almost universally, and we judged met with the approbation of a large majority of those present. The press is taking the matter up. Among the papers which advocate a sale, we see the Ohio Patriot, the Ohio Democrat, Ashland Union, Guernsey Times, Richland Shield & Banner, Vinton Democrat, &c.

Among the arguments adduced for the sale, is the fact as stated in Gov. Medill's message, that every year since their construction they have failed to meet the interest on their cost by from \$600,000 to \$1,000,000. The tax-payers consequently have to provide not only for the yearly payment of this enormous deficit, but for the gradual payment of the principal of the public debt contracted for their construction. This certainly makes them a very expensive luxury. In fact the burden, if not intolerable, is one the people ought to relieve themselves from at the earliest practicable moment.

It is said that it would be far better for the state to sell them at any price, or even to give them away, than to retain them, as they are a constant and eating moth. If in the hands of private individuals, they would be subject to taxation, and whatever sum they brought could be applied towards the liquidation of the public debt, thus lessening the public burthens in more ways than one.—[Fremont Democrat.]

Capt. Crighton of the Three Bells.

In the New York Tribune's report of the grand ball at the Metropolitan Hotel, given, by the proprietors to their guests and friends, on Thursday night, we find the following paragraph in connection with the brave Capt. Crighton:

At 11 o'clock, the gallant Capt. Crighton, of the Three Bells, arrived, and was at once taken in tow by E. K. Collins, of the Liverpool Ferry Line, and introduced to the guests. It was most gratifying to see the unaffected joy with which ladies and gentlemen pressed forward to grasp the hand of the hero in the cause of humanity, and with what characteristic modesty the brave tar received their compliments. Capt. C. is a middle-aged man, with a mild and benevolent countenance, expressive of love and good will to all men. He is tall and athletic, and looks every inch the true sailor—looks as he talked—"Be cheery, boys, I'll stand by you till I sink." We have never seen the rosy, good-natured face of Mr. Collins so happily lighted up with joy as when he, last night, had the captain of the Three Bells in tow.

Watkins and Ingraham.

The gallant conduct of Captain Watkins, on board the San Francisco, forms a picture of heroism that is most admirable. It deserves to be well considered. From first to last his efforts—and they were almost superhuman, were unsparing, saving the lives of others by the constant peril of his own. The Providence Journal draws the following comparison between Watkins and Ingraham:

"We would not compare the deeds of two brave men to the disparagement of either; we certainly would not detract from the credit that Capt. Ingraham won; but we look upon the conduct of Capt. Watkins as infinitely superior in all that dignifies courage and gives to it its moral worth.

"Day after day, night after night, amidst intense suffering, wet, cold, exhausted, the gallant commander of the San Francisco stood at his post, never despairing nor suffering others to despair; with the dying and the dead around him, he never, one moment, relaxed in his efforts to save the living. And when relief came, he sent off the weakest first, and calling for volunteers, remained himself to take the chances of the unmanageable hulk, which still held so precious a freight of human life. Finally, when safety was provided for all who survived the storm and disease and the exhaustion, he left his vessel, the last of any. Nothing could have been more noble. All this was done in the service of the United States; it is for congress to show the value it sets upon human life, the rewards which it offers to him who

saves a regiment, the motives which it will offer for the emulation of such conduct. In Rome, high honor was decreed to him who saved the life of a single citizen. Let us not be less grateful."

PACIFIC ITEMS.—Public gaming has received its death-blow in California. The Supreme Court has decided that gaming is a vice in itself, and therefore, cannot be legalized or licensed by an act of the Legislature. In addition to this, an ordinance has been introduced in the Board of Aldermen, at San Francisco, prohibiting gaming absolutely, under heavy penalties. These measures meet with the unanimous approval of the press. If the present government (says the Evening News,) leaves no other monument of their rule than the simple prohibition of public gambling, they will confer a lasting benefit on their fellow-citizens, and transmit an honorable testimonial of their worth to those who shall come after.

PRICES OF SLAVE LABOR.—The Winchester Virginian says the prices of slave labor in that vicinity are very high—fifteen to twenty per cent. above last year. At Newtown a man brought \$135 per year, and good farm hands ranged from 110 to 125. One woman brought \$75; boys from 10 to 12 years old \$50, and of 13 to 17, \$75. Slave labor rate will soon become, if it be not now, dearer than white. This is the result of the prosperity produced in the South by the multiplication of railways, and the high prices of her staples.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—It is understood that the Senate Pacific R. R. Committee have determined to report in favor of the three lines—one through Texas to San Diego, another from the Missouri Line near the mouth of the Arkansas, and the third from west end of Lake Superior to the mouth of the Columbia with a fork terminating at Puget's Sound.

The Devons as Milkers.

Sometime since, Mr. Buckminster, the editor of the Massachusetts Ploughman, stated that he had Devon heifers which gave milk of such richness that one gallon yielded one pound of butter. Many have doubted the correctness of this statement, thinking there must be some mistake; so, at the last meeting of the Agricultural Society at Farmington, Mr. B. gave the particulars of the trial, which to our mind, are quite satisfactory. The heifers were three years old last spring, and had not produced calves before; one calved the 22d of April, and the other on the 22d of June. On the 22d of October, he took the milk which these two heifers gave in twenty-four hours—not quite 12 quarts—which produced three pounds of sweet butter, and yellow as one could wish. "Several trials were afterwards made of the milk of these heifers, and with like results." He also sent some of the milk to different friends, whose names are given, and they obtained at the rate of a pound of butter from each four quarts of milk. Since these trials, Mr. B. had set apart the milk of all his full-blood cows that were in milk, and had churned the cream for each, except one whose milk he tested in a lactometer—and in every instance the proportion of the butter to the milk was the same as at the first trial.

We have kept Alderneys whose milk, we believe, would yield more than a pound of butter to the gallon, but the quantity of milk given was exceedingly small. "All the milk she gives is cream," was the warrantee given by a friend, on selling one of these cows. "That assertion is strictly correct," said the purchaser, a few days after, "but she does not give any milk." Six quarts of milk, or a pound and a half of butter per day, from a three year old heifer, is not much to boast about. We published a statement, a few weeks since, of a two year old heifer that gave eight pounds of butter per week; and the mother of this heifer, a cross between a Devon and native, gave eighteen pounds of butter per week.—[Rural New-Yorker.]

A Kentucky paper apologizes for the scarcity of editorial matter, on the plea that the editor had got married, and was so ashamed that he crawled into the Mammoth Cave.

One of the queerest events that has happened of late at Washington, is the appointment of Professor Thomas Rainey of Ohio, as consul to Bolivia. We did not credit it when we first saw the announcement in the papers, but the Cincinnati Enquirer says it is really true. It is said that he has agreed to go on an exploring expedition, up some of the South American Rivers for commercial purposes in behalf of a company of New York merchants, and that it became very convenient for them to have an official position for their agent. Hence, the application to the President and the appointment. There are a few persons in Ohio who will take a good broad grin over this streak of luck for the notorious Professor.

Rumor has it that the President, having been informed of the Professor's editorship of a Whig campaign paper, withdrew the nomination. This should have been no objection—its stupidity and scurrility gave it no influence with the Whigs, however available they may be with the Democracy.—[O. S. Journal.]

LOLA MONTEZ.—The renowned Lola Montez has turned up again with a Grizzly Bear for a pet. At Grass Valley (Cal.) a correspondent of the Mobile Advertiser writes:

Our town has, for some months, obtained some notoriety from the residence among us of a real live Countess. You may not be aware, perhaps, that the renowned Lola Montez, Heald, Hull, &c., Countess de Lansfeldt, after exhibiting her agility in the "spider dance," upon the California boards for some months, and getting married, has finally settled down in the quiet village of Grass Valley, turned her new husband adrift, applied for a divorce, and declares our town the prettiest place she has ever seen in the wide world, and that she is determined on making it her permanent home. I regard this as only one of the wild freaks of Lola, and doubt if she can be contented to remain until spring. She has bought a cottage, made numerous additions and attractions, and metamorphosed it into a French chateau, built a beautiful greenhouse and hot-house, purchased a choice assortment of plants and flowers, keeps her saddle horses and dogs, and among other various pets, has a live grizzly bear chained in her yard, and amuses various Indian boys and loafers by annoying him and exciting his utmost fury, and then by coaxing and petting him—as only a woman knows how to do—will feed him with sugar from her hand. The friends of the Countess may be glad to know of her welfare. She is as seductively social, and as easily irritable as ever.

Smead, the Cincinnati banker, who has made himself famous by his numerous liberal contributions to charitable objects, on Christmas day, placed five hundred dimes in the hand of a friend, to be distributed among the poor boys on the streets.

SAD NEWS.—We are under the painful necessity of recording the death of Thomas J. Merret, a colored man, who, early last Spring, left his place for Liberia, for the purpose of viewing the country, with the intention, should he like it, to remove his family and as many of his colored friends as he could persuade to go along, to that colony. While in that country he contracted a disease called the "Liberia Fever," which terminated in his death, at Newport, R. I., within about two hours after arriving in this country.—[Circleville (O.) Watchman.]

There are but two ways which lead to great aims and achievements—energy and perseverance. Energy is a rare gift—it provokes opposition, hatred and reaction. But perseverance lies within the affording of every one; its power increases with its progress, and it is but rarely that it misses its aim. Where perseverance is out of the question, where I cannot exert a protracted influence, I had better not attempt to exert any influence at all, for I should only disturb the organic development of affairs and paralyze the natural remedies which they contain, without any guarantee for a more favorable result.

Thore Petre, the well known iron founder of Sweden, died lately. He was, as a pri-

vate gentleman, a merchant, and a member of parliament, always the friend of freedom, toleration and advancement. His wealth was freely devoted to the support of literature.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said?—I will my county paper take, both for my own and family's sake? If such there be let him repent, and have the paper to him sent—and if he'd pass a happy winter, he in advance should pay the printer!"

Darby and Joan.

AN OLD STORY WITH A GOOD LESSON.

When Darby saw the setting sun,
He swung his scythe and home he run;
Sat down, drank off his pint, and said,
"My work is done, I'll go to bed."
"My work is done!" roared out Joan,
"My work is done!" your constant tone;
But hapless woman ne'er can say
"My work is done," till judgment day."

Here Darby hemm'd, and scratch'd his head,
To answer what Joan had said:
But all in vain, her clack went on—
"Yes, woman's work is never done!"

At early dawn, ere Phoebus rose,
Joan resumed her tale of woes;
When Darby said, "I'll end the strife,
Be you the man, and I the wife;
Take you the scythe and mow, while I
Will all your boasted cares supply;"
"Content!" quoth Joan, "give me thy flint;"
This Darby did, and out she went.

Darby arose, and seized the broom,
And whirled the dirt about the room;
When having done he scarce knew how,
He hied to milk the brindle cow.
The brindle cow whistled round her tail
In Darby's eyes, and kick'd the pail;
The clown, perplex'd with grief and pain,
Swore he'd ne'er try milk again;
When turning round, in sad amaze,
He saw his cottage in a blaze:
For as he chanced to brush the room,
In careless haste, he fired the broom.
The fire at last subdued, he swore
The broom and he would meet no more.

Press'd by misfortune and perplex'd,
Darby prepared the breakfast next;
But what to get he scarcely knew,
The bread was spent, the butter too;
His hands bedaub'd with paste and flour,
Old Darby labor'd full an hour;
But, hapless wight! he could not make
The dough take form of loaf or cake.

As every door wide open stood,
In came the sow in quest of food,
And stumbling onward, with her snout
O'er set the churn—the cream ran out.
As Darby turned, the sow to beat,
The slippery cream betrayed his feet;
He caught the bread-tray in his fall,
And down came Darby, tray and all;
The children, waken'd by the clatter,
Start up and cry, "La! what's the matter?"
Old Jowler barked, and Tabby mew'd,
And hapless Darby bawled aloud—
"Return, my Joan, as heretofore;
I'll play the housewife's part no more;
Since now by sad experience taught,
Compared to thine, my work is naught.
Henceforth, as business calls, I'll take
Content, the plough, the scythe, the rake;
And never will transgress the line
Our fates have marked, while thou art mine.
I'll vex thy honest soul no more
By scolding, as I've done before;
Let each our proper task attend—
Forgive the past and try to mend."

Waterville, Maumee City and Perrysburg MARBLE WORKS.

THE subscriber having established the Marble business in Waterville and Maumee City, asks the inhabitants of these places, and vicinities, to give him a call and examine his large stock of MARBLE. My Marble is from Rutland and Dorset, Vt., and North Adams, Mass. My stock consists of 3,000 feet, so that any can have a chance to make a selection. My prices will be one-fourth to one-third less than the people have been in the habit of paying in this section of country. My terms will be cash, or good notes on a reasonable time.

My shop at Waterville, is just north of the School house, near the canal; and at Maumee City, on Broadway, between the Pearl Mills and the Maumee Woolen Factory in Mr. McNeese's Cloth Office. Those who wish for Grave Stones or Monuments, now is your time. So give me a call if you do not purchase.

GIDEON MYERS.

Waterville & Maumee City, Jan. 3, 1854.—48y1

STRAYED, on the 30th of April last, from the Big Island, Maumee river, nearly opposite Perrysburg, A SMALL SORREL MARE, five years old, about thirteen hands high, with flowing tail, and a white stripe in her forehead. Any person returning the mare, or giving information where she may be found, to Mr. B. E. HOLLISTER, Perrysburg, or to J. P. CLARK, Detroit, will be liberally rewarded. Detroit, Dec. 1st, 1853.—47y1